

Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Viscount Mealy-mouth, Earl of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliastro, Cagliastrino, Cagliastraccio, the course of fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years."

That the liar has need of memory was made ludicrously evident at one of the meetings of our last mayoralty election. An enthusiastic gentleman on the platform rose up to fulminate against economy and conduit pipes, or Lake Simcoe (I forget which,) preluding his remarks with the frank declaration that he had had no intention of speaking and was quite unprepared to do so. As he proceeded he grew heated and doubtless forgetful, for he presently produced a bundle of papers full of statistics, which, he shouted, he had brought in order to prove his statements.

One of those presumptuous simpletons who profess to do all things and perform nothing, declared recently in the presence of our Man of Fiction, that any one could produce an acceptable short story nowadays, if he could only write somewhat ungrammatically, and throw in a description or two. He was answered and subdued by a withering silence. But afterwards, when a less profane inquirer put some questions, our Man of Fiction replied: "The first thing needful, fundamental, vital, to the writing of a good story, is the conviction of the writer."

"And by conviction, I mean," he continued, "an unalterable consciousness of having something to tell that is worthy of being, and must be, told; in the performance of which we labour without fatigue; in the accomplishment of which we are enriched without money; in the perfection of which we are satisfied without praise."

"When a man has the conviction which impels him to write the story, the second necessary thing is that he know how to do it, and these two things can be no more separated in the working artist than the two parts of the workable scissors, or the tongue and the shell of the sounding bell."

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY,

The Women's Literary Society met Friday evening, January 13th, in lecture room 3, where the meetings will be held hereafter. The Vice-President, Miss Lye, was in the chair.

Miss Hamilton, seconded by Miss Telfer, moved that the Senate of Toronto University be petitioned to allow students the use of library books over night as was formerly the case. The motion was carried. Miss Hillock, seconded by Miss Dowd, moved that the petition be forwarded immediately. After some discussion this resolution also prevailed.

The Vice-President informed the meeting that periodicals would not be placed in the reading room this term.

There being no more business the Glee Club was called upon, and sang "Those Evening Bells." Miss Mason, by special request, read an essay on the "Civilization of the Early Germans," showing her knowledge of the subject and her mastery of a high literary style. Then followed an instrumental duet by Miss Kerr and Miss T. C. L. Robertson. The next number on the programme was an address by Miss Lawlor, B.A., on the "Life and Works of Samuel Johnson," but, as Miss Lawlor was prevented by illness from attending, Miss Durand was called upon to read a story. Before commencing the narrative, Miss Durand gave a short sketch of the ability and merit of the authoress, Mary E. Wilkins. She then proceeded in her own inimitable fashion with the pleasures and trials of "Christmas Jenny." It is needless to say that Miss Durand's story was attentively listened to and appreciated. The closing number was the touching strain "Fare Thee Well," rendered by the Glee Club with much pathos and tenderness.

M. O'ROURKE, Cor.-Sec.

"CROWN OF SORROW."

O happiest, happiest hours. O days that sped
With golden feet from shore to sun-kissed shore.
O heart, dear heart. O laughing eyes that shed
A radiance round them that shall be no more.
O soft, brown hair, in rippling masses tressed.
O warm, soft hand. O, lips, my lips have pressed.

Ah, cruel, cruel hours. Ah, whither fled
With youth, fond youth, and all the love we bore.
How do ye mock the fruitless tears I shed,
O cruel hours! O eyes that shine no more.
O coldest grave, where, loveless, uncaressed,
Low lies my loved one. And men say—'tis best!

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Prompt as usual, the Literary Society began its cogitations: At first there were not many present, and it seemed that if that large and enthusiastic mass meeting of the free and independent student body, which is to commence on May first, was acting as a counter attraction. However, as the evening advanced, the wayward student came out of the highways and byeways and gravitated towards the Lit.

And first of all the question of an "At Home" engaged our attention. Mr. Moore informed us that the indifference of the students, seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way of an "At Home." Mr. Boles spoke briefly against the "At Home" proposal, telling us that the down town merchant was not going to leave his gilded ducats, in order to board the bounding trolley which would bear him into the Varsity four o'clock "At Home." The general opinion seemed to coincide with that expressed by Mr. Boles and so the "At Home" was relegated to the limbo of nepenthe.

There came another grand matter. We had to choose a man to represent us at the McGill dinner. At once all the hungry men stood forth, men who were still living on the memory of christmas dinners, men who were existing on Railway sandwiches and promissory notes, and men who were staying in residence. Eagerly the Society scanned the faces of the competitors for the Olympian laurel and at length J. L. McDougall took the cake.

Yet some more business and we chose Messrs. Horne and Henry to uphold our name and fame in the inter-collegiate debate with Queen's, next for a reader for the same auspicious occasion, and Mr. Reeve was elected. Again for an essayist, and now for a modesty competition. Mr. Strath, was nominated and forthwith he protested that he was not fitted for such an honor. Mr. S. J. McLean was nominated and he declared that ever from his childhood days, in the first year had he avoided the frolicsome essay. Then Mr. Biggar was nominated and fierce was the interest which centered in the contest. The partisans of Strath were especially anxious to secure his election, in fact one supporter of the aforesaid gentleman was detected in the act of putting in seventeen ballots in the ballot box. But at length the result was made known, the modest men were not elected, and Mr. Biggar was the choice of the meeting.

Now the Society threw aside the butterfly robes of a Students' society and assumed the statesmanlike look, the porteous form, and the boodle-desirous appearance of men on whom their country's fate depended. At this juncture an ex-M.P., Mr. C. A. Stuart, entered; it was moved that he be given a seat on the floor of the house; the floor, however, was somewhat dusty and so the motion was not pushed.

The Minister of Finance, Mr. Reeve, with bitter tears, lamented over the fact that Canada was going to the dogs, that she wasn't prosperous, and that the only thing which would take her out of her "Estate of sin and misery" was—to buy a new flag. Mr. Horne now arose on behalf of